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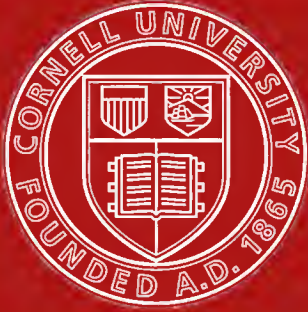
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If You Are Going To Be Famous

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Douglas Blazek



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If You Are Going To Be Famous  
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## If You're Going To Be Famous

Fein wisdom by  
not asking questions and  
always supplying answers made  
of solid gold swiss cheese  
and don't forget to  
criticize flamboyantly  
attacking  
no one in particular

write about life  
in general  
never about your discarded  
socks  
thrown over your bones  
like crumpled eels  
and  
keep everything as  
real  
as a belch in your sleep  
also do not  
touch upon psychiatry  
not the science  
but the piston that  
moves your legs

do not use exciting  
language  
that incites the mind  
to cut the strings  
to its hammock  
and be sure to  
pound your words  
with a hammer  
till they're lids  
for tin cans

above all  
write  
without a tooth  
in your head  
and place the tissue  
hugging your bones  
into a plastic bag  
where neurological  
cliff dwellings  
all share the  
same vanishing drops of  
oxygen





## This Common Day On The Grape Vine

I am you in my naked biology,  
a pink cannonball from heaven  
sitting here eating chocolate covered cliches  
devouring them like the grape vine of ages  
delighting how my next mouth  
will be a twist of yesterday's  
wondering why heaven is the sperm inside us  
and how oranges drop to rot and nourish  
graveyards inside roots.

A common day is one of small murders  
napalm in the mammaries of playgirl  
sprawling out in the pelt of a color photograph  
breathing hot death on our erections  
forgetting we are paper men  
stapled tightly into a family magazine.

Prehistoric kites high above the capitol  
make turtles do handstands  
while power plants labor clouds into iron  
and the polar caps stretch to clap hands  
grit soon to whittle the tetons out of NYC  
life drawing the short straw after a solid  
century of copulation with mechanical viris.



## The Present

You are squandered like  
narcotic whipped cream,  
you are a tennis ball  
bounced between the raquets  
of belief and doubt, a  
love too brief to utter.

You are a drawn dagger  
placed at our throats  
taking whatever you wish  
while our hands  
reach between your legs that  
are always  
just out of reach.

You are stuffed into tubes  
but  
when squeezed  
you disappear:  
we are trying for canvas  
thinking of a wall  
dreaming for the sky  
but from the mind  
comes the words  
of volcano, melting  
you into a downhill stream  
so hot we can do nothing but watch.

Those that possess you  
do so only in their laughter.



## There Are 206 Icicles In The Human Body

With the windows  
wide open in winter  
I can hear  
the argumentive  
clattering of a 5¢ car  
being started-- the  
sound startles me  
as if someone had just  
yanked a bone  
out of my body

starting  
arriving  
I am too numb  
to handle the key  
to the enigmas  
of the universe

sometimes  
an explosion  
won't  
even melt  
a marshmallow

sometimes  
it is not even  
winter  
that ices the  
earth

there is something  
about the mind  
that will fix upon  
an object  
the way a wrong size  
nut  
somehow  
gets threaded to the  
neck  
of a  
bolt  
and all the brutal force  
in the world can't free it

sometimes  
icicles are  
the warmest things  
a man can find



## Revelation Of The Bare Ass

I buy a hamburger  
at a plexiglass coffeeshop  
throw in an extra dime  
for a small rootbeer  
walk down to the park  
where the businessmen  
take their lunchbreaks  
and art students  
from the Art Institute of Chicago  
sprawl out a sketch things  
on napkins, on blank spaces  
in the Tribune and even  
on huge cottonwood leaves  
turned yellow with brown gnarls  
like moles on canaries--  
anyway here are these art students  
and the businessmen and this statue  
of a naked woman with a cloth  
draped around her and  
a few kids hiding in its folds--  
about as stimulating  
as the businessmen although  
intricately done by  
some prominent sculpturer and  
as beautiful as a boxcar.  
A revelation smites me  
as I walk around it  
and spy mid splattered on what  
must be her bare ass!  
Indeed! Beauty requires a touch of  
the irreverent!  
And these art students with  
their pastel inks  
they have holes in their underpants!  
And the businessmen probably  
all buy pornography!  
Though college never teaches  
revelation  
come September I will enroll  
in hopes of learning  
to write boxcar poetry  
and forgetting my concern  
with keeping my ass  
hidden and clean.





## Games That Burn Like Mars In Our Fists

in a subliminal room  
hanging onto its nails  
are two men & this head that  
they have laying upon a wooden table.

blood keeps draining from where  
the neck was, oozing like  
masticated cherries.

the men are discussing  
what to do with the head.

not being able to decide  
they take a potato peeler &  
gouge out its eyes as though  
they were snails in a wine glass.

then they pry open the mouth  
cracking teeth like window latches &  
yank out its tongue with wire cutters.

taking a mop handle  
they pound it through its ears  
& shatter its nose with a sledge hammer  
as if it were porcelain.

at this point  
the head splits across the forehead  
& a lavender-skinned virgin  
gracefully emerges  
asking the two men  
if they are finished playing.



## Outside The Library

he is drunk so bad  
that his legs go off in  
different directions, his body  
dodging huge invisible birds.

dressed in a suit of trashcan cabbage  
he comes by some guided accident in  
contact with my son of six wearing  
his denim jacket white as a sultan's robe.

drunk & black he kisses my white kid  
who believes he has just been  
run over by a talking beer truck.  
you've gotta bewdaful kid ther, brother  
looking me in the eye handing me  
something from under my pillow.

then in a sort of bashful mumbo  
jumbo hustle he climbs over some painful  
words calling me brother smelling of a  
night crowded with spiders & crushed flowers  
& in a voice screeching to a halt with  
the brakelining shot he tells me he needs a drink.

money, I say, money, all the time it is money  
just another hit-up & I pull twelve cents out  
of a pocket saturated with keys & quarters;  
brother! he protests, his face watching the  
firing squad cock their rifles...  
& I turn & walk into the library  
into the sublime palace of culture having  
failed the test of greatness, having emptied  
a human heart as casually as wringing a sponge.







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